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UNITY

Freedom, Fellowship and Character in Religion

Official Organ of the Congress of Religion

DAYS TOO SHORT

When primroses are out in Spring,
And small, blue violets come between;
When merry birds sing on boughs green,
And rills, as soon as born, must sing:

When butterflies will make side-leaps,
As though escaped from Nature's hand
Ere perfect quiet; and bees will stand
Upon their heads in fragrant deeps;

When small clouds are so silvery white
Each seems a broken rimmed moon—
When such things are, this world too soon,
For me, doth wear the veil of Night.

—*William H. Davies.*

CONTENTS

EDITORIAL—
Notes 323
"How Very Hard It is to Be a Christian!".....324
Red Handed America!.....324
He Triumphed Through Suffering.....325
CONTRIBUTED—
"Three Problems for Democracy in War Time."
—*S. K. Ratcliffe*.....327
SELECTED—
Why They Fight.—*John Callahan O'Laughlin*...329
Are Pacifists Cowards?—*Jane Addams*.....331
Extracts from "A Lesson from Lincoln."—ALFRED C. GARDINER 333
THE STUDY TABLE—
Getting Together in Central America.—*Chester Lloyd Jones* 332
POETRY—
Days Too Short.—*William H. Davies*.....321
My Enemy.—JULIAN A. DUBOIS.....323
The Kingfisher.—*William H. Davies*.....327
The Derelict.—*James Barnes* 333
Tears.—*Lizette Woodworth Reese* 333
A Rainy Day.—*L. H. Bailey*..... 333
THE FIELD—
Hoover in the Making.—*The Literary Digest*....334
Trade Union Women Protest Against Twelve-Hour Day.—*Life and Labor*.....335
In Memory of Thoreau.—*Our Dumb Animals*....335
More About Wills.—*The Literary Digest*.....335

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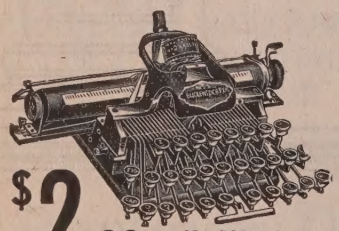

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UNITY

"HE HATH MADE OF ONE ALL NATIONS OF MEN"

VOL. LXXIX THURSDAY, JULY 19, 1917 NUMBER 21

MY ENEMY.

They said he was my enemy—
  I don't know where or why—
But in the trenches' hell we met,
  And one of us must die;
There ain't much time for quibbling when
  'Twas either him or I.

I couldn't understand the man,
  But when the red blood gushed,
And, quite beat up, both him and me
  At each no longer rushed,
I caught and knew some words he spoke
  Before his tongue was hushed.

"Ach Kinder!" and "meine liebe Frau!"
  And then his eyes were set;
Great God! that thinning bleaching face
  Does linger with me yet;
And something in those stony eyes
  It seems I can't forget.

And then before I went in faint,
  I dreamed me of my own;
I heard my baby coo and laugh—
  The wifie's cheerful tone—
And I was slipping from the earth
  To leave them there alone.

The parson says: "Give thanks to th' Lord,
  Who plucked you from the grave!"
But Jesus never killed a man
  That He Himself might save;
And will He me forgive as He
  His murderers forgave?

And sometimes with my wounds at night
  I lie awake and stare,
And wonder 'bout the "liebe Frau,"
  And how the "Kinder" fare.
They said he was my enemy—
  I don't know why or where.

JULIAN A. DUBOIS.

Regarding the issue of the conscientious objector, soon to be raised as a result of the draft registration of June 5, a statement has been issued by Rev. Norman Thomas, pastor of the East Harlem Presbyterian Church, New York City, in which he says:

"The conscription of conscience is the essence of autocracy. We cannot possibly make the world safe for democracy by wounding democracy at home. This is not primarily an issue of war versus peace; not a question of the preservation of the State; rather it is an issue of the spirit of America versus the spirit of Prussia. There is every evidence that the President and the Secretary of War intend to insist upon the liberal administration of the draft to make it accord with American traditions as to freedom of conscience in this matter."

The following paragraph from the *Army and Navy Journal,* proclaims anew that the soldier's sacrifice is not merely a sacrifice of his life but of his ideals:

"Youth has always been regarded as a time of impetuosity, of rash enterprises, of the age among man's seven when he most liked to look upon 'the bright face of danger.' Our youthful contemporary, *The New Republic,* does not seem to be cast in this mold, however, which is revealed in its attitude toward the 'conscientious objector.' It seems to think that there is a quality we must allow for and tolerate, if not admire, in this type of man, and also of the numerous class that does not like to think of killing its fellow-men. We suppose that in the fullness of time, when the selective draft is in operation, and some of these very young and apparently bloodless men spend a few months receiving military instruction, they will learn that 'killing men' in the repulsive viewpoint they hold is the last thing military men think of. What they stand in need of is to be taken away from study of their souls and of 'cases' in the slums of the big cities and to get out into the fresh air and the sunshine where the voice of the drill sergeant will make them forget socialism and those nebulous mysteries which may be grouped under the head of higher criticism."

Chicago loses another faithful pastor. Rev. H. E. Peabody for eight years pastor of the South Congregational Church located on the corner of Fortieth Street and Drexel Boulevard has accepted a call to the Congregational Church at Appleton, Wisconsin, a place recently vacated by our editorial colleague, John Faville, whose promotion to the mayoralty of the city we recently noticed. Mr. Peabody enters a notable succession. He goes to a leading church in a state where congregationalism has always held a notable leadership on many lines. Congregationalism in Wisconsin has been blessed with a long line of independent, radical, progressive civic leaders. Mr. Peabody will be at home among such, but what is Appleton's gain is Chicago's loss. Mr. Peabody promptly found his way into the civic perplexities and opportunities of Chicago. He has been a leading member in the Committee of Fifteen that has done such effective work in closing vicious resorts. He was one of the most responsive and diligent workers in the Oakland group of ministers who found in Lincoln Centre a convenient rallying place. In his going UNITY has lost an efficient neighbor and the Editor of UNITY a congenial brother. We bid him God Speed on his high adventure in the waiting fields of Wisconsin.

That must have been an interesting commencement banquet with which the Andover Theological Seminary recently closed its year's work. The presidency of this school that has been transferred from Andover to Cambridge has been offered to Reverend Mr. Patton, the successor of Washington Gladden at Columbus, Ohio. The candidate left the banqueters guessing as to whether he would accept or not. Among the

speakers was the venerable Dr. Eliot, the emeritus president of Harvard College. During his address, according to the report in the *Congregationalist,* he said:

> That he would not have been interested at all in Andover's removing to Cambridge unless he felt that it brought with it a distinct contribution to the life of Harvard University. When he became president he found that all the overseers and most of the faculty were Unitarians, and he took steps at once to secure a more comprehensive representation of the different religious points of view, as more in accord with the spirit of a true university. Dr. Eliot went on to speak about the importance of maintaining schools of the freer type, such as are now associated together in Cambridge. "Where," he asked, "is the investigation to be made as to the reasons for the breakdown of institutional Christianity that the war has witnessed? No church has been strong enough to prevent the war or to mitigate its horrors." In Dr. Eliot's judgment, just such a group of associated theological seminaries as are found in Cambridge constitute the best instrument wherewith to study the greatest problem that has presented itself to religious and devoted men since the world began. He felt that the underlying cause of the war was that no church had succeeded in setting forth to the world an adequate conception of Almighty God. The churches had got away from the thought of God and had turned to the Virgin or to Jesus or to the saints, and had not sufficiently emphasized the constant relation of the divine energy to all creation. He had found himself, when speaking to a Chinese audience in Union Church, Peking, that it failed to grasp what he meant by the word "Father" when applied to God. The endeavor of all the churches today must be to convey to the world the right idea of God. This is the special duty of the freer Christian churches in Protestantism—an idea consistent with the ethical conceptions of all other religions, and with democracy. The Kaiser's idea of God is thoroughly Jewish. He is the Lord of Hosts, and the hosts are on the Kaiser's side. There is nothing democratic in the Genevan conception of God.

"How Very Hard it Is to Be a Christian!"

These are the words with which Robert Browning introduces his "Easter Day." He had in mind a certain theological or spiritual appreciation of the ressurection story, but his pathetic cry becomes still more searching when Christianity is interpreted in terms of justice, patient endurance of wrongs and the spiritual power of putting oneself in another's place. How very hard it is to be just to those who differ from us! How easy it is for the "patriots" to dismiss with a moral sneer those who are constrained to interpret the commandment "Thou Shalt Not Kill" and the beatitudes of patience and mercy in terms of national conduct and international relations. How easy it is to dispose of all such with the implication and the sneer that lurks in the terms "Slacker" or "Traitor." On the other hand how hard it is for the pacifist to be true to his theories of mixed motives. "Big interests," "munitions makers," "race hatred," "loyalty to party and fidelity to President, right or wrong" doubtless do enter into the militant inspirations that are so lavish of human blood and human treasure, but this is not all of it, nor the most of it, there is something fine and high in the devotion to political ideals which lead to prayer and sacrifice, however misguided the course of reasoning may be and however fallacious the philosophy that makes that simple which is complex. Painful illustrations of the fallacies of the cock-sure patriot and the dogmatic pacifist are found in these days in the blind and wicked patriotism of the "Government Defenders" in the Boston riotings, dealt with none too severely in the open letter of Dr. Crapsey, published elsewhere. And on the other hand in the over-statements, the too sweeping arraignments of "militant patriots," including the war promoting members of Congress and the President himself in the meetings held in Chicago July 7th and 8th. The Editor of UNITY has much sympathy with those meetings and he regretted that the vacation necessities compelled him to decline the honor and privilege of presiding over the great outdoor meeting of July 8th. But he hopes that this needed protest and urgent situation has not blinded him to the sublime manifestations of sacrifice found not only in the trenches and those willing to accept them but up through the war makers to the deluded Kaiser himself. They all think they are right and deserve the respect that goes to sincerity, however misguided it may be. In the interest of justice and peace it becomes the high test of antagonists to be just to their foes, and in this justice to find the ultimate "synthesis" that obliterates trenches and makes friends of enemies.

Red Handed America!

Who are we to be so shocked at Belgium atrocities, so free with our condemnation of European tyrannies, so lavish with our opprobriums concerning battlefield barbarities while in this land of plenty, unmaddened by burning homes or bleeding kindred we stand nervelessly by while, with the minimum of provocation, men, women and children are burned alive, hung to their death in police guarded streets, bodies, both before and after the spirit has been driven out, mutilated and insulted for the amusement of a careless crowd, as was the case in the recent disgraceful outrage in East St. Louis. And this in the State of Illinois, boastful of its University, the State of Grant, Logan and Lincoln, the State of which Chicago is its pride and boast.

The ultimate disgrace in this shameful affair is the limp imbecility of City, State and Federal authorities; one power after another twiddling their thumbs while the streets run red, waiting for the other to act. This "inefficiency" did not spring from lack of military preparedness. There were guns big and small on the side of law and order. There were men enough on the local police and in State militia sworn to defend "the law and the constitution," trained to prompt execution. They were not cowardly; they were not overburdened, they simply were too much in sympathy with the goulish amusement of men, and women too, maddened by an inhuman race prejudice.

The worst phase of this outrage is its familiarity. It is not exceptional enough to create any great amount of surprise. It is one more in the long line of disgraceful lynchings, mobs, hangings and burnings that have streaked with black the history of the United States for the last fifty years. These are the ghastly entailments of war, the aftermath of raids and sieges.

The stolidity of our communities and hesitancy of our officials in the presence of such violence is only another arraignment of our mock pretenses in regard to liberty and democracy.

Why was our nation so long silent before it protested against Belgian invasion? Why were we so complacent as a government in the presence of Armenian atrocities and the "Pogrum" brutalities that made Russian streets so often to run red with Jewish blood.

Was it not because our democracy was adulterated with commercialism, our religion adulterated with sectarian jealousies and theological prejudices, our politics poisoned with partisanship and the corruptions pertaining thereto.

Dr. Eliot in a recent speech, quoted elsewhere, justly traced the underlying causes of the present war to the fact that "no church has succeeded in setting forth to the world an adequate conception of Almighty God." The St. Louis outrage can be traced to the same cause. The boasted "brotherhood" of the so-called "Christian churches" has halted at the threshold of the black man. The pious chivalry of popular Christianity has so often failed to include motherhood when incased in a dusky skin and this is the result of it.

Oh, there were real estate, labor and saloon elements in the uprising! No wonder that Senator Sherman on the floors of Congress as a representative of Illinois declared that henceforth his vote was to be for "bone dry" legislation, but all these secondary causes promptly sink into the primary cause of all wars. The affair at St. Louis was simply a sporadic manifestation of the war spirit and war methods. It was made possible only by a long, bitter, unreasoning and un-Christian *hate*. A hate born out of the pride of race, the conceit of descent which deny the universal brotherhood of man and the universal fatherhood of God. In this faith alone are nations to be reconciled to one another, races to be taught to live together in unity. The reign of violence cannot be superseded by the reign of love by more violence, but by more love. The drunken lawlessness of the ignorant, brutalized residents of East St. Louis may be overlooked, even excused; this may be a passing eruption, an inflamed carbuncle come to a head on the body politic, but the halting police, hesitating mayor, baffled State government and the unnoticing preoccupancy of the Federal authorities is a constitutional malady, a disease in the blood that should awaken profound humiliation and searching anxiety.

The psychologist should take this matter up where the moralist leaves it. Is there any connection between this assault on the sanctities of life in East St. Louis and the war maddened fervor and the "Hun"-hating campaign that has marshalled our boys and men into fighting columns and called forth the smiling approval of cultured women of man-killing industries? We only ask the question. Let philosophers answer.

He Triumphed Through Suffering

Dr. James G. Townsend has at last broken through pain into peace. His familiar signature to the thumb-nail essays on great fundamental themes which have so often dotted the pages of UNITY will be seen no more. The Editor of UNITY has lost one of the most persistant and cheerful of his associates. Alert to the last he took UNITY at its best and interpreted its message with sympathetic interest.

His contributions to UNITY were welcome to the Editor if for no other reason than that they were always brief; for the same reason they were often consigned to non-conspicuous corners, the bottom-of-the-column necessities of the make-up. We have called them "short essays." That they were, after the Addison school of writers before the essay went out of fashion. One would think that his models must have been Montaigne or Charles Lamb. However abstract or philosophical the subject it was promptly grasped and shot through and through with clarity. His writings were touched with sanity, mellowed with sympathy, illuminated with faith.

At the thirtieth anniversary of the Unitarian Church of Jamestown, N. Y., he was the guest of honor and it was fitting that on such an occasion the man who organized the society and served four years as its first pastor should indulge in reminiscences and give to his many friends the details of his very delightful and prophetic life. The confidences he there gave to his own parish we venture to extend to the members of the wider parish in the columns of UNITY with which he kept pastoral relations to the end.

The acquaintance of this writer with Dr. Townsend is practically co-extensive with his ministerial life after he left the Methodist church, which as a young man he served for eighteen years, occupying leading pulpits at Jamestown, Buffalo, Meadville and elsewhere. From 1885 to 1887 it seemed as though Dr. Townsend with such associates as Dr. Thomas, Professor Swing of Chicago and others were to lead a movement that was to assume ecclesiastical prominence. Under the title of the "New Theology" there were great meetings held, considerable printing done, and a liberal chautauqua movement on the "other side of the lake"

was inaugurated. Dr. Townsend was the benignant banner bearer for this movement in that section of the country. The movement lost its conspicuousness simply because its contentions so soon ceased to be a "*new* theology." The more thoughtful ministers in all the denominations, the academic teachers in all the theological schools caught up with the *new* theology movement. Higher criticism, comparative religion, the universal hope, the extinguishment of the fires of Hell and the abolition of the devil became the common places of the leading pulpits in all the denominations. Radical men, the spiritually illuminated, were scarcely justified in moving out of the old denominations as Dr. Townsend had to because there was room made for them promptly on the inside.

Dr. Townsend was a radical but never an iconoclast. He was independent in his thought but always reverent, he was progressive to the last but always sympathetic, he was ready for the new but he never sacrificed the old, and, highest attainment of all, he cheerfully bore his heavy afflictions.

Reverend W. A. Taylor, pastor of the Jamestown Unitarian Church, well said at his funeral:

One day God called him to stand aside. He laid his hand upon him in the darkness, and his work was done. I want you to think of the cross which Dr. Townsend was called upon to carry. Sometimes the grapes of life are crushed that the wine may be the sweetest of all. Some spices must be bruised to give the sweetest odor. Even as Dr. Townsend walked among us with that tender heart and brilliant mind sometimes under a dark cloud, he taught us that God and Love are one.

And Frank H. Mott, local attorney and neighbor, in his tribute at the coffin side said of Dr. Townsend:

His was the intellectual life and he did his very best to promote intellectual liberty and integrity among men. He realized that there can be no such thing as freedom while the minds of men are shackled either by laws or superstitions and even though it be that the problems of life and destiny cannot be comprehended through the medium of the intellect alone, he well understood that they can never be solved until the human mind is permitted to "soar unfettered as its God designed." While he often quoted the words of Solomon: "Wisdom is the principal thing, therefore get wisdom and with all thy getting, get understanding," in his later years he had come more and more to realize, as do all truly intellectual men, that there is something more required than the accumulation of knowledge, the refinement of intellect and the deductions of science to explain the origin, the duty and the destiny of man. This very quality—whether we call it faith or intuition or inspiration—can never reach its highest development except in the free and open mind. In the deductions of pure intellect, Dr. Townsend represented the highest standards of our Western civilization and was, though perhaps unconsciously, a great factor in the evolution of human thought to that highest of all standards when men and women shall

"Roll the stone of self away
And let the Christ within them rise."

His scientific—especially his astronomical observations, had broadened his views and expanded his vision on all human problems. While with some scholars this form of study has a distinct tendency to lead to the regard of the individual with contempt, in his case it seemed to stimulate and enlarge his sympathies for and his interest in mankind, whether as individuals or in the mass and those who knew him more intimately in his years of comparative retirement will never forget his eloquent public and private expressions upon all problems affecting the economic welfare of his fellow men.

He belonged to that school of modern thought represented by such men as Jenkin Lloyd Jones, Professor Alden, Henry James and Lowes Dickenson, whose creed is incapable of definition because it is as expansive as the human mind and as comprehensive as human needs.

Along the pathway of human progress are occasional markers which remind the weary traveler of the names of men who in their day and generation did something for mankind in the intellectual and philosophical evolution of the race. There will be innumerable names, such as Solomon, Socrates, Plato, Marcus Aurelius, Boethius, Kant, Spinoza, Locke and Emerson, of greater splendor, of wider repute, of more definite achievement, with more of legend and romance than his but in the wide range of human culture there is no name within however restricted an area it may be known, which represents more of fortitude, of intellectual independence and of unceasing desire to know and follow the truth, than that of James G. Townsend. Citizen, soldier, scholar, philosopher, orator, friend; you fought a good fight, you have finished your course, you kept the faith as you understood it, without compromise, and you have left the memory, the example and the inspiration of a brave and noble life which "bowed alone to death."

But more interpretative than anything that his pastor or lawyer neighbor or the Editor of UNITY can say are the modest self-revealments in the biographical sketch already alluded to, which was fittingly repeated in the columns of the *Jamestown Morning Post* the day after his death.

One more dear brother has fallen out of the circle that gave rise to and sustained UNITY, that rejoiced in the Parliament of Religion, that gave life to the Congress of Religion and also helped discover the foundations of that faith that still, spite of war's alarums, national hates and race antagonisms, believes in the brotherhood of *all* men and the *all*-fatherhood of God.

Here is the story of the modest man, as told by himself, which is his best obituary.

"I know what poverty and struggle are, for I have taken care of myself since I was 13. I was born in Pittsburgh, May 26, 1839, and my father, who was an ardent politician, moved to Buffalo when I was 7 years old, because that was a Democratic city. He became very popular and expected to be elected Mayor of the city. In 1852, however, Buffalo was smitten by an epidemic of cholera and in three days my father, brother, sister and uncle were dead and my mother was an invalid.

"I then went to work in my uncle's foundry in Pittsburgh for two years. From there I went to Trumbull County, O., where my grandfather lived. I worked on farms and went to a private school taught by Rev. E. M. Cravath, a graduate of Oberlin. This was the turning point in my life. Professor Cravath became my friend and persuaded me to go to Oberlin. I entered the preparatory department of Oberlin without a cent and remained there four years, studying during the summers and falls, and teaching school during the winters. I also attended Allegheny College at Meadville, Pa., for a time. I did not graduate from Oberlin, but a few years later received an honorary degree of A. M. from a Methodist institution.

"In the summer of 1862 when I was 22 years old, I was working on a farm near Brookfield, O., near Sharon, Pa., when the news came that Bragg and his army were in Kentucky. I shall never forget the thrill that entered my heart as I stood there in the field. The Union was in peril and the Union must be saved! There was a war meeting in the Presbyterian Church at Brookfield that night. I went and enlisted in Company C, 105th Regiment, Ohio Volunteer Infantry. The next day I was married and the next day after that I was with my company on the way to Kentucky to join Buell's army. We green troops were placed in the front ranks, and oh, the long marches over those dusty limestone roads!

"Two months from the day of my enlistment came the battle of Perryville, up to that time the greatest battle of the war. It was a drawn battle, but our wing, which was thrown far beyond the line, was surrounded and all cut to pieces. I was wounded and taken prisoner, Bragg retreated into Tennessee, however, and I was recaptured. Now I learned what hospital life meant—to lie surrounded by wounded, dying and dead soldiers. My left upper arm was all crushed, and for eighteen months it had to be dressed every day. From that time to this I have never lifted my left hand. I was discharged and in a few months I went with my dear wife to Newton Falls, to become principal of the Union schools of that town. After a year I resigned and became a Methodist minister in the Erie Conference. I remained in the Methodist Church for eighteen years, having happy pastorates in such churches as those of Oil City, Meadville, Corry, Jamestown and Buffalo. I was pastor of the First Methodist Church in Jamestown for three years, as long as the law of the church then allowed.

"After a year in the pastorate of the Pearl Street Methodist Church at Buffalo, I withdrew and returned to Jamestown to found the Independent Congregational (now the Unitarian) Church. I had no grievance against the M. E. Church, for she gave me her best churches, and my doctor's degree came from old Allegheny College. I withdrew because I was no longer in harmony with her theology and philosophy of life. I came to Jamestown to preach what I called the 'new theology.' I preached in the Opera House Sunday morning and evening for one year, and then the present church was bought and refitted. For four years I preached there twice each Sunday and during these four years a sermon was taken in short-hand and printed each week. After retiring as usual one Sunday night, I awoke to find friends and physicians present who said I was very ill. I never opened my lips to speak in public for over a year, and it was several years before I found myself. But the church lived on and is a potent influence in this city today.

"When I finally recovered I went to Pittsburgh, where I founded the First Unitarian Church, now one of the great churches of the Smoky City. For the last fifteen years I have lived in Jamestown, and although struggling with an incurable disease, epilepsy, I have kept up my intellectual work. This has required a large correspondence with literary friends on the religious, social and intellectual problems of the age and also the writing of many articles for *The Christian Register* of Boston, *The Monist, The Open Court* and UNITY of Chicago. I am still one of the editorial contributors of UNITY.

"For a number of years I have preached in a quiet way, with voice and pen, what I call my 'gospel of beauty'—beauty as a moral and educational force. During my residence here I have been in many homes of sorrow, having attended more than one thousand burials in Lakeview Cemetery. I have made many mistakes and have fallen short of my ideals many times to my shame and sorrow, but I have always striven to keep in sympathy with the common people."

THE KINGFISHER.

It was the Rainbow gave thee birth,
  And left thee all her lovely hues;
And, as her mother's name was Tears,
  So runs it in thy blood to choose
For haunts the lonely pools, and keep
In company with trees that weep.

Go you and, with such glorious hues,
  Live with proud Peacocks in green parks;
On lawns as smooth as shining glass,
  Let every feather show its marks;
Get thee on boughs and clap thy wings
Before the windows of proud kings.

Nay, lovely Bird, thou art not vain;
  Thou hast no proud, ambitious mind;
I also love a quiet place
  That's green, away from all mankind;
A lonely pool, and let a tree
Sigh with her bosom over me.

—*William H. Davies.*

"Three Problems for Democracy in War Time"

Address by S. K. Ratcliffe of London, England, at the Recent Anniversary Luncheon of the Free Religious Association of America in the Theodore Parker Memorial, Boston.

Mr. Chairman—Friends:

I think that the best use I can make of the few minutes at my disposal will be to say a few words about two practical questions which are meeting you at this moment and have been meeting us in England during the last two years and a half, and then a few words more about one great international and spiritual problem which is in the minds of us all.

The first thing I want to refer to is the question of the changed social conditions which come to a people at war. A condition of war is an entirely unnatural thing for humanity. It creates unnatural conditions, and with those unnatural conditions come new and unexampled problems—unexampled for us of this age, I mean. We do not need the sociologist to remind us that when the immortal trinity of man and woman and child is broken we have a condition of social and moral anarchy. We ought not to need Bishop Brent to remind us of conditions altogether inevitable existing at the front and in the camps behind the front—conditions of a social and a moral character which cannot be described and that terrify us when we think of them in relation to the future.

Now you are going to have in the immediate future a condition with which you will have to deal. It is of immense importance to all organized groups of men and women, those particularly which are organized for civic purposes and more particularly those organized upon a basis of religious effort. You are going to have, as I understand it, twenty-eight new camps in this country if the war goes on, each of which is to accommodate about thirty thousand men. That is to see, your engineers, your own military people, your sanitarians and all the rest are going to create in the course of a few months twenty-eight new towns with accommodations equal to the number of people living in Gloucester, Mass., or twice as many as those living in Plymouth, Mass. And what are you going to do about that? I suggest to you that it is a practical challenge for all the hard thinking and all the concerted effort that you can put into it, or else as the result of that condition, apparently now unavoidable if the war is to go on, you will have in this great country of yours circumstances which will lead to results in the future of the public that you dare not dream about.

Now the second problem is the problem of the relation between the conscience and the state, which, of course, includes the conscience and the army. I find in going about America that very few people in this country seem to understand what has been happening in England since we introduced the principle of compulsory military service. You have heard of conscientious objectors. I hope that most of you read that accurate and very brilliant article by a valued friend of mine, Mr. Henry Nevinson, in the *Atlantic Monthly* a short time ago. But what nobody seems to understand is the actual problem which exists in a country like ours or like yours which has had imposed upon it a system of compulsory military service. And

I am afraid that a great many of you have taken your notion of the position and the character of the conscientious objector from another book by a popular writer which has been referred to this afternoon—from the chapter in Mr. Wells' book on "The Three Nations at War," dealing with the pacifist.

Now it is undoubtedly true that the conscientious objector provides a problem for the government and the army which is not a simple problem. It is inevitably true that not all those who claim to have a conscientious objection to service of any kind have that conscientious objection. But what we have to remember is the fact that this system does bring into existence the possibility of great and grave tyranny over the human soul. It is a fact that in England today there are hundreds—I don't know what the figures are, but it is probably between two thousand and three thousand—who are now in detention as conscientious objectors. Among those are some of the finest and loveliest spirits in our country who before the war and during the war were performing national service of the most valuable kind. They have been punished, in many cases they have been persecuted, in some instances they have even been subjected to torture; and the condition of opinion and feeling in a country placed as England is is a condition which makes it exceedingly difficult for that question to be debated in the right coolness and rationality and to be decided according to the principles of the constitution or the heritage of the people in regard to its ideas of freedom.

You are better placed than we were in England. You are further from the difficulty and from the menace. You ought to be able with your society and your great tradition of free religion and of free churches based historically upon the principle of the rightness and sacredness of conscience—you ought to be able to deal with it more successfully than we have done.

Now the presence of the conscientious objector in a country is not a military problem. It does not matter to the military situation that the conscientious objector is there, because he is in any case so small a minority; it matters infinitely to the social and political life of a country that it shall not allow this principle to be frustrated or to be tyrannized over. And the problem for you is to provide the machinery which will enable you to do that and to get together the force of public opinion which will enable you to correct it and to keep the administration straight if that be possible.

How can it be done? I think it can be done by your seeing to it that the problem is thoroughly discussed from the beginning and in your neighborhoods organizing all the best opinion of collective force that you can in regard to the creation of those local tribunals which will have the question of exemptions to decide. That is very largely in your hands because of your freedom of local administration, and the churches and the religious bodies in particular ought to see to it that the whole of their force tells in that particular matter. If you do that I feel that you can save yourself from a great part of the reproach which belongs to us in regard to our failure.

Now before I sit down I want to say a few words about one great question and great idea which is in the minds and hearts of all of us. The discussion as to the origin and beginning and the end of this war has, of course, been going on throughout the world from the beginning. There has been unlimited talk in reference to the war for freedom and democracy and for the release of the peoples, and there is a very great deal of skepticism, and rightly so, in the minds of most of us in regard to the presence in this conflict of any such deliberate purpose as that.

I am bound to say that I find myself in harmony with our enthusiastic, pessimistic friend, Dr. Holmes, in his interpretation of this problem. But at the same time this is the task of America. If there is not in this war situation the idea of the triumph of freedom and democracy it is the business of America to put it there. We cannot help the war now and you are in it, more or less completely. You are not in it because the submarines were destroying merchant ships. As regards the mind and heart of this people you can only be in it for the triumph of the idea that is enshrined in the hearts of us all. That is the only purpose that makes the future as regards America and the struggle possible or endurable at all.

Now I find since the Russian Revolution and since the coming in of the United States, some of the English newspapers are exceedingly disturbed. Those representing the old Tory tradition have been rising to protest against the flood of gratitude and rejoicing which has been expressed in the freer papers because of that great event in Russia and because of the decision of America. And I find some of these papers giving prominence to articles which are saying, "It is all nonsense that we are fighting for freedom and democracy. We are not. We are not fighting certainly for a better and a more settled order." But in the Tory tradition that means military power and discipline and aristocracy and direction from above. "We are told," says one writer, "that we are in this war for democratic principles. Well, I hope," he says, "that we are in it for purposes greater than that." It reminds me of that lovely old story which so appealed to the mind of Arthur Hugh Clough when he was in this country and in Massachusetts, a generation ago—the old New England Calvinist woman who said, "The Universalists—oh, yes, they believe that all mankind will be saved, but as for us, we look for better things!"

Now that is what our autocrats and our Prussians in the Allied countries are thinking today. They don't want the war to end with a triumph of those ideas and principles and institutions in which we believe. And what is the matter with some of us on the other side is that as the war goes on we still talk about the purposes of the war, but we seem to have less and less faith in that idea and in that faith which certainly were in the English people when they decided to go in.

Why should we be fearful about the triumph of the democratic idea and the democratic faith? In spite of our government and in spite of our Prussians it is democracy that is winning all over the world. And it is no use for our old autocratic and Tory friends to say that we are in it for something else and something better. We are not. It is the only thing that is going to make the future endurable and there is no reason why we should be apologetic. I find one of my friends in New York has lately been writing to the papers that he is rather tired of the constant reiteration of the President's phrase about "Making the world safe for democracy." It is perfectly true, but

we are going, as we hope, to make the world not only safe for domocracy but glorying in democracy and believing in it to the limit. After all, it is not the organization of a greater force which is going to get rid in the world of the menace of organized force. It is the idea of faith in the minds of the people themselves. And what we want surely is a greater affirmation and an infinitely greater and more confident belief in the idea that was there when the decision was made. It is our purpose to make it operative. There, and there alone, surely, is joy and freedom unto the end—empire and victory of the only kind that the people will care about.

Why They Fight

. . . The war aims of the various belligerents have been summed up as follows by John Callahan O'Laughlin, writing for the Chicago *Herald:*

France: The evacuation of French territory and Belgium; reparation for the damage she and Belgium have suffered, and the cession of Alsace and Lorraine.

Great Britain: The restoration and indemnity of Belgium; the establishment of democratic government in Germany; the retention of German colonies captured by her in Africa and elsewhere.

Japan: Certain doubtful designs upon the Pacific islands wrested from Germany. She has pledged to restore Kiao-chou to China.

Belgium, Servia, Roumania, and Montenegro: Restoration of their own territory and indemnities.

Italy: The cession of the so-called Trentino territory.

Germany: No definite terms stated, but the willingness expressed to withdraw from Belgium and France without granting indemnities and hints of insistence upon the restoration of her colonies and of designs upon the Belgian Congo.

Austria-Hungary: Insistence on freedom of menace from the Balkans, implying annexation or control over Servia.

Turkey: That she be let alone.

Bulgaria: The Dobrudja, from which she was driven in the second Balkan war, and which she has since reoccupied. Also certain Macedonian territory.

SAFE FOR DEMOCRACY

Abstracts from address by Dr. J. L. Magnes at First American Conference for Democracy and Terms of Peace.

We urge upon the President and the Congress an immediate public statement of our war aims and our peace terms. Our young men are about to be drafted into military service and our soldiers are about to be sent across the seas. What, in concrete terms that every man can understand, are they to fight for, and upon what terms will America be ready to end the war and make peace? We urge further that when such concrete aims shall have been formulated, the President declare as a standing peace offer to Germany, that whenever these specified aims shall have been achieved we are ready to end the war.

The President and Congress have said that we have gone to war because of Germany's illegal and brutal submarine warfare. Will we be ready to end the war and make peace if this ruthless submarine warfare be ended? This question should be answered clearly because as to it there is confusion in the minds of the public.

The President has said also that we have gone to war because "The world must be made safe for Democracy." The American people—devoted to this lofty aim—have the right to know just what this means to the President. To make the entire world safe for democracy may take a very, very long time. What particular part of the world, then, do we refer to, and what degree of safety do we require, and what degree of democracy will satisfy us? Does a world made safe for democracy refer to Germany alone, or does it refer to Austro-Hungary, Bulgaria and Turkey as well, with whom we are not as yet at war? Does it also refer to some of our Allies, Japan, for instance, and to some of the possessions held or dominated by our Allies, Ireland, India, Morocco, Persia, for instance? If it refers to Germany alone, what are we after there? Is a military defeat of Germany absolutely essential before we shall agree to peace, so that Germany and all men may know that Germany's militarism is not invincible? And what will we exact of Germany if she be defeated? The President has said: "We desire no conquest, no dominion. We seek no indemnities for ourselves, no material compensation." Do we then demand as a condition *sine qua non* of a world made safe for democracy the dethronement of the Kaiser, or the reform of the three-class Prussian electoral system, or a ministry responsible to the Reichstag instead of to the Kaiser? Or must Germany become a Republic, copied after our own? If we are to make Germany into a democracy, are we to dictate forms of economic as well as of political life, and is the degree of democracy to be determined by our own standards or by those of the freer democracy of the new Russia? The people of this country, who are to bear the burden of this war, have a right to know exactly what a world made safe for democracy means. They have a right to know exactly what it is that we want of Germany, just what we will be satisfied with; concretely and specifically what, if we achieve it, we shall stop fighting for. And it may be that if our Government says all of this clearly and unmistakably, the echo of it will reverberate in Germany, and to use the President's words, we may be "that much nearer a definite discussion of the peace which shall end the present war."

The Russian Republic has announced its war aims and its peace terms, and our own Conference is called together upon that very basis:

No forcible annexations.

No punitive indemnities.

Free development of all nations and peoples and nationalities.

For every eventuality it is vital for Russia to have America's aid in imposing her own war aims upon all of the belligerents. Russia has asked for this aid. On May 4, when the new formulation of war aims was forced upon the then Provisional Government of Russia by the Council of Soldiers' and Workmen's Delegates, Prince Tzeretelli, now a member of the Provisional Government, said: "Now that the question has been settled here, our war aims—war without annexations, appropriations or contributions—also must be realized abroad. We must know the attitude of the democracy of our Allies. If a similar movement takes

place in the foreign democracies, this will bring peace much nearer."

I think it important briefly to say at the very outset, that, in general, the formulation "No forcible annexations" means, the restoration of Belgium, Serbia, Roumania, and of all other territories conquered by the one side or by the other. It means that all territorial readjustments must be secured through negotiation, and that in these negotiations the democratic method be applied, namely, that no territory shall be transferred from one sovereignty to another against the will of the people of that territory.

If the minority Socialists of France can demand this method as to Alsace-Lorraine, if the Socialists of both Serbia and Bulgaria can demand this method as to the Balkans, surely the democratic forces of America, which seeks no conquest or dominion, need not be more royal than the king, and should demand the application of this formula and this method to all the perplexing territorial and frontier adjustments which must no longer disturb the peace of the world.

The formulation "No punitive indemnities" means, that however much one belligerent succeeds in crushing another, there shall be a peace without victory, that is, that the victor shall not punish the vanquished by expropriating territory or levying contributions as Germany did with France in 1870. This does not mean that the world shall be indifferent to the sufferings of ravished peoples or of devastated districts. It is perfectly consistent with the thought, as expressed by the Boston League for Democratic Control, of "an international assumption of the expense of reconstructing devastated areas in Europe, a large proportion to be borne by the United States in return for guarantees of future peace."

Another reason for our making common cause with Russia is because Austria, in the semi-official *Fremdenblatt,* has declared her war aims to be identical with those of Russia.

And Germany! There are those who say that the Russian program for peace is a German program for peace. On what authority is this said? Would to Heaven that this were Germany's program for peace! Would to Heaven that Germany were ready to renounce her desire for annexations and indemnities! Unfortunately, this is not the German program for peace. The German Reichskanzler refused but a few days ago to declare this as the German peace program, despite the manifest advantages of doing so in answer to Russia. But though this is, alas, not the German program for peace, it ought to be made so. And it can be made so by America, not through war, but if America will back Russia in Russia's declared war aims, and if America will persuade—as she has the power to persuade—the English and the French to make these war aims their war aims as well. For, consider well what was said in the German Reichstag on May 15. This was said: "If France and Great Britain renounce annexation and Germany insists thereon, there will be a revolution in Germany." In other words, if America and Russia, as the new factors in the war, will exercise leadership, if America will back Russia, if America will exert its vast power over England and France and insist upon the adoption of the Russian program, no one can doubt that the German people will rise up in their might and compel the German Government and the German Junkers and capitalists to renounce all their hopes of annexations and indemnities, and peace will result.

CORRESPONDENCE

To the Editor of UNITY:—

While American women are learning to save bread crusts, a million bushels of good food have been sunk in the ocean's depth. While we are sending stalwart soldiers to the trenches, we wonder whether all we can send will more than supply the monthly losses. National Defence speakers are to be trained to stimulate the country to believe that victory is certain and that, now America has entered, the stalemate of three years must end. But American citizens are beginning to think and to ask the belated question, "Just what, in plain English, are we to fight this war for?" They do not find "Democracy" a sufficient answer. They ask what terms will satisfy our government, and even more pertinently, what terms ought to satisfy the American people.

Are we to send our men, million after million, until the Kaiser abdicates? Are we to wait until there is a German republic, or only until the German ministry is made responsible to the Reichstag? Does "a world made safe for democracy" apply to Germany alone, or are we to fight until Austro-Hungary and Turkey have reformed their governments?

The Russian terms—no forcible annexations, no punitive indemnities—are sneered at by the jingo press as a "German peace," would that these were the German terms, which, alas, they are not yet, although a member of the Reichstag on May 15, declared that if such terms were offered and refused by the German government, there would be revolution. These terms mean that Belgium, Serbia and Roumania must be evacuated, and also all other conquered territory restored including the German colonies. It means that whatever territorial changes are made must be made by negotiation. It means that France should not force civilization to wait until she gets back Alsace-Lorraine, but should be willing to have it neutralized and independent or disposed of as its own people decide by plebiscite. Some parts doubtless would choose to remain with Germany.

"No punitive indemnities" means essentially what President Wilson meant in his message to the Senate by "a peace without victory," that is, without expropriating territory or levying contributions. Damages for breaking international law, however, would be another matter.

Since the statement of the Allies' terms made last December, two stupendous events, in addition to the submarine success at sea, make a fresh statement imperative. The Russian revolution and the entrance of the United States into the war give power to two nations which have no interest in fighting to extend the territory of anyone. They realize that over 7,000,000 men have already perished, more than all the able bodied men in Belgium, Serbia and Alsace, the disputed territories, and they know possibly twice that number may be slain and the war still remain a stalemate unless fresh diplomacy is brought to bear. Is peace to be hoped for while the Germans believe that

the Allies' triumph would mean the loss of Alsace and the African colonies and would be followed by an economic war after the war?

The time has come for the two great democracies to make it plain to the Allies that neither of the two will fight to further any transference of territory or for the overthrow of any potentate. Could not a peace with honor and perhaps a peace before snow flies be won by a united presentation of some such terms as the following?

(1) *Evacuation by all parties of all conquered territory.* (2) *Re-settlement of Europe on the basis of consent of population, i. e., at least local autonomy and federation, if not complete independence.* (3) *The internationalization of Constantinople.* (4) *Damages for broken law but no punitive indemnities.* (5) *No new restrictions of trade.* (6) *A League of Nations open to all.*

What? No punishment or humiliation for the monstrous wrongs inflicted? No reparation and upbuilding of Belgium? No payment for broken law will crush Germany quite enough, and America may well pledge herself to put into Belgium the huge sums that she would otherwise put into war. As every ten days the war costs the world a billion dollars and starvation comes apace, there could be no greater folly than to spend on further war two or three times as much as could be won, even if full reparation were to be exacted. Civilization is at stake. Nothing else counts.

Boston, July 2, 1917. MAGNUS MITCHELL.

Are Pacifists Cowards?

"When as pacifists we urge a courageous venture into international ethics, which will require a fine valor as well as a high intelligence, we experience a sense of anti-climax when we are told that because we do not want war, we are so cowardly as to care for 'safety first,' that we place human life, physical life, above the great ideals of national righteousness.

"But surely that man is not without courage who, seeing that which is invisible to the majority of his fellow countrymen, still asserts his conviction and is ready to vindicate its spiritual value over against the world. Each advance in the zigzag line of human progress has traditionally been embodied in small groups of individuals, who have ceased to be in harmony with the *status quo* and have demanded modifications. Such modifications did not always prove to be in the line of progress, but whether they were or not, they always excited opposition, which from the nature of the case was never so determined as when the proposed changes touched moral achievements which were greatly prized and had been secured with much difficulty.

"Bearing in mind the long struggle to secure and maintain national unity, the pacifist easily understands why his theories seem particularly obnoxious just now, although in point of fact our national unity is not threatened, and would be finely consummated in an international organization.

PEACE AND JUSTICE

"With visions of international justice filling our minds, pacifists are always a little startled when those who insist that justice can only be established by war, accuse us of caring for peace irrespective of justice. Many of the pacifists in their individual and corporate capacity have long striven for social and political justice with a fervor perhaps equal to that employed by the advocates of force, and we realize that a sense of justice has become the keynote to the best political and social activity in this generation. Although this ruling passion for juster relations between man and man, group and group, or between nation and nation, is not without its sterner aspects, among those who dream of a wider social justice throughout the world there has developed a conviction that justice between men or between nations can be achieved only through understanding and fellowship, and that a finely tempered sense of justice, which alone is of any service in modern civilization, cannot be secured in the storm and stress of war. This is not only because war inevitably arouses the more primitive antagonisms, but because the spirit of fighting burns away all of those impulses, certainly towards the enemy, which foster the will to justice.

"We believe that the ardor and self sacrifice so characteristic of youth could be enlisted for the vitally energetic role which we hope our beloved country will inaugurate in the international life of the world. We realize that it is only the ardent spirits, the lovers of mankind, who will be able to break down the suspicion and lack of understanding which has so long stood in the way of the necessary changes upon which international good order depends; who will at last create a political organization enabling nations to secure without war, those high ends which they now gallantly seek to obtain upon the battlefield.

"With such a creed, can the pacifists of today be accused of selfishness when they urge upon the United States not isolation, not indifference to moral issues and to the fate of liberty and democracy, but a strenuous endeavor to lead all nations of the earth into an organized international life worthy of civilized men?" —*Jane Addams, in an address delivered before the City Club of Chicago, May* 15, 1917.

We need not let our hearts be troubled, for, finally, all that is unavailing sinks into rest. Every road by which men go dips finally into the valley. No climb, however bold, but is touched at its close by the shadow; no quest in undiscovered bourns but ends in a resting place where tired multitudes are gathered. Somehow the weariest river finds its way at last to the sea. The encompassing peace of the silent earth waits on our fretting. There is nothing so harassing that it cannot be borne in the foreknowledge of its brevity. No disturbance or upheaval can ever visit mortal mind when once it has been gathered to the brotherhood of dust. Unbearable pain leads straight into the kingdom of sleep. Suffering reigns but briefly with straitened dominion. The kindly opiates of sleep and insensibility are ever waiting close by the tortured mind and the stricken body. There is no menace in life but recedes even at the moment of touching agony. The most savage disaster is crowned with death, and its victims in their writhing are suddenly released beyond calamity. That is the secret withheld from youth and those who go out in fresh strength to be racked. But the revealing years whisper that secret of why there is a smile on the face of the newly dead.

THE STUDY TABLE

Getting Together in Central America

The European war has shaken the faith of so many in the principles which the world had come to look upon as well established in the life of nations that pessimism toward peace organization is popular. Leagues to promote peace and courts to settle international differences are not in high repute. The public so far as international affairs are concerned is in the frame of mind of a community overrun with brigands. It is disposed to accept the judgment "the law is set at naught—therefore there is no law."

When the international atmosphere clears we will again recognize that a violation of the law is proof neither that the law does not exist nor that it is valueless. Whenever men have acted together for the betterment of the world they have always been met by disappointments, the good which it took years to gain often seemed destroyed in a day. It is very easy for him who works in a short perspective to complain because the mills of God grind so slowly. It is only the long perspective that is heartening. The establishment of order and the protection of life, liberty and property as we now know them are after all new things achieved only under the more advanced governments. The world as a whole doesn't enjoy them and never has. Yet none of us lacks faith in the ability of men to work together to maintain peace at home. That goal is not an ideal on the horizon. It is a present achievement.

We ought to have the same hopes for international law and peace organization. There too there are disappointments. Many "plans" have failed. Some have been too ambitious, others have not uniformly kept the peace though they have at least promoted it. That peaceful adjustment of international disputes has made progress, no one, least of all a citizen of the United States can deny. We have been a party to too many adjustments to leave us in doubt. Our experience should teach us charity in judging efforts, which prove unsuccessful.

One of the most interesting attempts to establish peaceful means for settling international disputes is the one being made in Central America. We have come to look upon this as a region where tempests are always brewing in the political teapots—in fact the average citizen knows little more about its states than that revolutions are endemic among them. If a part of the world where peace organization is more needed and less likely to succeed exists he knows it not.

Nevertheless Central American history shows a persistent striving on the part of the proud and hot-blooded peoples of the five little states toward union for peace. Theirs have been turbulent lives—they have tried federation into a single republic—but they couldn't live together; they have tried to live apart but that has proved equally unsatisfactory. For approaching a century they have had repeated disappointments, but there is today a stronger feeling that it is as true for them, the revolted colonies of Spain, as for the thirteen colonies which revolted from Great Britain, that in union there is strength, that they ought to submit their differences to orderly adjustments by the methods of peace, instead of by war.

The little republics have always considered themselves to have family interests uniting them, they have also, especially of late shown a willingness to recognize that they are part of a larger American family upon the stronger members of which they may rely for sympathy in their efforts to promote order within their immediate domestic circles. The story of these efforts to promote peace and progress in Central America is the theme of a pamphlet on "The Central American League of Nations," which has recently appeared.*

The account is one which every friend of peace can read with profit not only for the record of achievement, for the concrete accomplishments are already earnest of what it is hoped to do, but also for the evidence produced of a longing on the part of these populations, often thought of as without culture and ideals, for a better day when they will be able to devote themselves to the development of the rich natural resources of their countries. The pages are encouraging to our own citizens further because they show the willingness of the little republic to take the advice of the United States and the commendable role which our country has played in helping to bring about the treaties to promote international peace which they have adopted.

The story is too long to recount here. International conflicts brought the suggestion of mediation by Mexico and the United States, resulting in a conference at Washington in 1907 at which representatives of the five republics met with friendly advisers appointed by Mexico and our government. The result was the adoption of a series of conventions for promotion of road building, commerce, education, justice, peace and most remarkable an international court in the Republics. The latter was to take jurisdiction of disputes between the states even including those involving "national honor" a standard far more advanced than that agreed on at the Hague in the same year.

Progress had been made to carry out the treaties. The court—the feature for us of most immediate interest was established and has been functioning ever since. While it has not fulfilled the hopes of its creators there seems to be a continuing confidence in its usefulness.

The Central American Court of Justice is unique in that it is the world's first experiment in the establishment of a means of settling international differences, whose powers are not limited by a clause of exceptions which allow any party to escape from the jurisdiction practically at will by alleging that its "national honor" or "vital interests" are affected.

It is, of course, too much to expect that the court may not make mistakes and will never find the party adjudged in the wrong unwilling to acquiesce in the judgment. Before its decisions will carry the weight they may come to carry some time in the future, too, greater advance must be made on the other lines traced in the series of treatises of 1907. Better communications, greater commerce, a higher standard of life and most of all a better education must come to Central America before we can see the full possibilities of its international court. Respect for judicial opinion does not flourish in the midst of civil disorder. With unsolved racial problems, a poor school system, over-

*The New Pan Americanism, Part III, Central American League of Nations, World Peace Foundation, Boston, 1917, vol. VII, No. 1.

burdened with debts, and with mule trails where railroads should be, these states may be proud if the court accomplishes only a fraction of that it aspires to do.

With the stimulus of outside capital and the continuance of the friendly co-operation of the United States in the promotion of order, the treaties of 1907, and the court they established may have an increasing influence. There will be many discouragements and failures in the process, but the world was not made in a day. —*Chester Lloyd Jones.*

University of Wisconsin, July 2, 1917.

THE DERELICT.

Bound for the Haven of Nowhere,
  Hailing from Ports forgot,
Feared and Hated—an Outcast
  Craving a resting spot.
Gleams there no light or beacon?
  Looms there no friendly land?
The soul that was mine died in me
  For lack of a guiding hand.
Hopeless I see the Sunrise,
  Groaning I greet each day,
Aimless I grope and falter
  Into the Beaten Way!

Give me a blow in the darkness,
  Sink me deep, deep, in the sea,
Put me to sleep forever
  Out of this misery!
Abject I watch my Brethren
  Turn from me, passing by,
Cursing me long for living!
  Vainly I wish to die!
Lord of the Storm and Tempest
  Strike me the welcome blow,
Grant me a grave in the coral,
  A rest in the sands below!

—*James Barnes.*

Extracts from "A Lesson from Lincoln"

War and Ideals. I was talking the other day to a young soldier who enlisted as a private at the outbreak of the war. He was one of three brilliant young scholars and social workers whose names are linked as the authors of a book which has become a classic of its kind. Two of them lie dead somewhere in France. He, shot through the intestines on the Somme and given up for dead, is alive as if by a miracle.

"What strikes you in coming back?" I asked.

"The loss of the ideals with which we began the war," he said. "I went, and thousands more like me went, not out of love of war or even adventure, but feeling that this was the great crusade for liberty, for democracy, for all the humane ideals for which we lived. It was worth dying to preserve them. I find no trace of that passion left in the England to which I have returned. The ideals seem dead, kicked into the gutter, and trampled on as so much rubbish. I think we shall deliver Germany from Prussianism, but we are catching the contagion ourselves. And it is not the victory of this country over that but the victory of humanity over its universal enemy that matters in the long run."

I was reminded of that conversation this week. I had a visit from a professor at an American University who had been on a visit to Germany and was returning to the United States. He was talking of the changes he noticed in the mind of Germany since a previous visit paid earlier in the war. "I think Prussianism is buried at Verdun," he said. "That enormous failure has bitten more deeply into the mind of Germany than any event of the war. They have recovered confidence from the unexpected completeness of the victory in Roumania and by what they regard as your failure on the Somme, but Verdun is their apocalyptic vision, and whatever success they have, I do not think the military fetish will ever be propped up again as the national idol. Take care that at the end of the war you don't find you have swapped ideals with Germany."

* * * *

Is there anyone who would have the courage to advocate such gratuitous slaughter (just to be more victorious) to the men in the trenches? He may advocate it at home, for it is unhappily true that there is a vast diversity of feeling between the people in this country and the men in the trenches. It is not only among those who are making great fortunes in security at home that the war is popular, the same feeling prevails among many classes who are reaping the fruits of the red harvest. The woman who, making extravagant purchases, expressed to her companion the hope that "the war would not end before she had paid for them," represented a large body of feeling. It is one of those beautiful virtues that one of the advocates of war attribute to their deity. But if you were to ask the men in the trenches who have "been over" once, or twice or thrice, who have seen their fellows fall around them and know that one day they too will fall—if you were to ask them whether we should not discuss terms because we wanted, not better terms, but another bloody victory achieved at the price of their lives, what answer would you get? It would be such an answer as would make the warmongers of Fleet Street turn pale and fall silent, if not with shame, at least with cowardice.

ALFRED C. GARDINER.

From Daily News and Leader.

A RAINY DAY.

The soft, gray rain comes slowly down,
Settling the mists on marshes brown,
Narrowing the world on wood and hill,
Drifting the fog down vale and hill.

—*L. H. Bailey.*

TEARS.

When I consider Life and its few years—
  A wisp of fog betwixt us and the sun;
  A call to battle, and the battle done
Ere the last echo dies within our ears;
A rose choked in the grass; an hour of fears;
  The gusts that past a darkening shore do beat;
  The burst of music down an unlistening street—
I wonder at the idleness of tears.
  Ye old, old dead, and ye of yesternight,
    Chieftains, and bards, and keepers of the sheep,
By every cup of sorrow that you had,
  Loose me from tears, and make me see aright
    How each hath back what once he stayed to weep:
Homer his sight, David his little lad.

—*Lizette Woodworth Reese.*

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THE FIELD

"The World is my country, to do Good is my Religion."

HOOVER IN THE MAKING.

When Herbert Clark Hoover had reached the age when he wanted to be something more than a farmer, he informed his parents of his desire for a broader education. They promised to send him to the Quaker school in the district, but young Hoover rebelled, and through his own efforts managed to make his way through Leland Stanford University.

"The man with a degree plus common sense," is the way the other members of that pioneer class, that was graduated by the University in 1895, referred to Hoover. Something of his struggle from plowboy to his present position is told by a writer in the Providence *Journal*, who says:

"Born on an Iowa farm, August 10, 1874, Mr. Hoover is the son of Jesse C. and Huldah R. Hoover, industrious Quaker residents of West Branch. His early life was spent upon the Iowa farm, where the hard work of wrestling with the brown earth and harvesting crops made his muscles firm and his nerves steady and gave him an intimate knowledge of the lives of those who are forced to earn their bread by the sweat of their brow.

"At an early age he developed an ambition to become something more than a mere farmer, and when the family moved to California, early in his 'teens, he voiced his desire to go to college.

"It is related that this request of the lad was met by the parents with the promise to send him to a Quaker school and that they were somewhat nonplussed by the assertion of the son, who declared: 'I don't want to go to a Quaker school or a college founded by any other special sect. I want to go where I will have a chance to see and judge everything fairly without prejudice for or against any one line of thought.'"

So, when the Leland Stanford University was opened in 1891 young Hoover applied for admission. As it was necessary for him to earn enough to pay his way, he looked about for opportunities. Declining an offer of a position as waiter in the dining-room of the University, he set his wits to work and finally started a laundry for the students. He developed an ability for organization, and very soon "Let Hoover manage it" was the slogan of the undergraduates in all their undertakings.

"In 1893, while still in college, he was an assistant in the Arkansas geological survey and was graduated in 1895 from the department of mining engineering. His first position as an 'engineer' was that of pushing ore-laden cars in a California mine at $2 a day. That same year he assisted in the United States survey of the Sierra Nevada Mountains, where he displayed such extraordinary ability that in 1896 he was given the position of assistant manager of the Carlisle mines in New Mexico. He remained there only a brief period before returning to California to become assistant manager of the Morning Star mines.

"In 1897 he accepted a position as chief engineer on the staff of Bewick, Moreing & Co., one of the large concerns operating in West Australia. In 1898 he became manager of the Sons of Gwalia and E. Murchison mines, and the following year he returned to California and married Miss Lou Henry, whom he had met in his college days.

"Immediately after the wedding the Hoovers went to China, where he had been commissioned as chief engineer of the Chinese Imperial Bureau of Mines, which was then taking up extensive exploration work in the interior of China."

During the Boxer uprising in 1900, Mr. Hoover was in Tientsin in charge of important mining operations. He not only safeguarded the property of the company, but kept faith with the Chinese people, and in 1901 became general manager of the Chinese Engineering and Mining Company. From China Mr. Hoover—who was now recognized as an authority on mining—went to London to take charge of several large companies.

It was Mr. Hoover's great work in behalf of suffering humanity in Belgium that made him best known to the world, though his energies were first directed to getting American tourists out of the country when the war broke out. Says *The Journal*:

"No one seemed to know what was to be done until Herbert C. Hoover began the work of rescuing them, using much of his own wealth in the work. In describing the confusion among the tourists a Vassar graduate is quoted as saying: 'Nobody seemed to know what was to be done with us and nobody seemed to care. Their mobilizing was the only thing that mattered to them. There were no trains and steamers for us and no money for our checks and letters of credit.

"'Then Mr. Hoover came to the rescue. He saw that something was done and it was done effectively. It took generalship, I can tell you, to handle that stampede—to get people from the Continent into England, to arrange for the advancement of funds to meet their needs and to provide means for getting them back to America. They say he is a wonderful engineer, but I don't think he ever carried through any more remarkable engineering feat than that was.'

"Providing temporary relief and transportation for the 7,000 people then stranded in Europe, however, was a comparatively simple task in comparison with the greater project of feeding the Belgian people, which he was urged to take up. Walter H. Page, American Ambassador to England, appealed to Mr. Hoover to act as chairman of the Commission then being organized for relief in Belgium.

"The industries of the little kingdom had been crippled; everything of any value had been seized by Germany and shipped to that country; the railroads were in the hands on the invaders, cutting off every town and village from the rest of the world, and the entire country was destitute of food, for even the farmhouses had been robbed of their little stores of vegetables and grain. And yet, under these handicaps, it was necessary to devise some way of providing 10,000,000 people with food, every pound of which had to be imported.

"Mr. Hoover promptly accepted the commission. He quickly drew around him other able and energetic Americans, and without confusion or delay the relief-army was organized. England was vitally concerned with her own war-problems, and all the railroads and steamships were supposed to be at the command of the Crown.

"Under Mr. Hoover's direction the Commission quietly purchased and arranged for the shipment of sufficient supplies to meet the immediate needs of Belgium, and with his cargoes safely on board chartered ships he then sought clearance papers.

"The astonished Cabinet Minister to whom Hoover applied for clearance papers for the relief-ships asserted that such a project at that time was impossible. He asserted that there were not sufficient wagons to spare for transporting the foodstuff on the railways; no dock-hands to handle the goods, and finally, no steamers, and that the Channel was closed for the purpose of allowing the uninterrupted passage of army-transports.

"When told that the food was already safely stowed aboard ship, the distin-

guished official looked aghast at Mr. Hoover and asserted: 'Men have been sent to the Tower for less than you have done. If it was any one but you, if it was anything but Belgian relief, I should hate to think of what might happen. As it is, I suppose, I must congratulate you on a jolly clever *coup*. I'll see about the clearance papers at once.'"—*The Literary Digest.*

TRADE UNION WOMEN PROTEST AGAINST 12-HOUR DAY.

Protest against the 12-hour work day now in force in the Bureau of Engraving and Printing was made to Secretary McAdoo June 19 by the committee from the National Women's Trade Union League. The committee presented a resolution adopted by the League's convention at Kansas City, asking the President of the United States to forbid excessive overtime in government establishments. The resolution reads as follows:

WHEREAS, The government establishments, notably the Bureau of Engraving and Printing and the Government Printing Office, have been operating with excessive overtime, amounting to twelve hours a day and seven days a week, for several hundreds of employes, among them many women; and

WHEREAS, The United States Civil Service registers of eligibles for positions in these establishments are and have been ample to supply additional workers and thereby avoid overtime; and

WHEREAS, Also, such practices, by government establishments particularly, tend to break down industrial standards throughout the country; therefore

BE IT RESOLVED, That the National Women's Trade Union League hereby requests the President of the United States to forbid excessive overtime in government establishments, and require the heads of all such establishments to add new shifts of workers where necessary to attain this purpose.

RESOLVED FURTHER, That a copy of these resolutions be sent to the President and head of each executive department of the government, and that it be also given to the press.—*Life and Labor.*

IN MEMORY OF THOREAU.

The name and memory of Henry David Thoreau will ever be cherished by lovers of nature and wild life. It has been suggested that the hundredth anniversary of his birth, which occurs on July 12, be marked in fitting ways, and to that end the Field, Outing and Nature Clubs and the Natural History Societies are invited to commemorate the event by lectures and the reading of papers on Thoreau, or perhaps a visit to Concord or the shores of Walden Pond where the naturalist dwelt and whose beauties he wrote about so abundantly.

Thoreau was one of the earliest pioneers in the humane study of natural history, one of the keenest of observers who could describe with irresistible fascination the gentle life of the woods and streams. It has been said of him that he knew the beasts, birds and fishes with an intimacy more extraordinary than was the case with St. Francis of Assisi; that the beasts lipped and caressed him and the very fish in lake and stream would glide, unfearful, between his hands. It is indeed fitting that recognition be paid to Thoreau on the approaching centenary of his birth.—*Our Dumb Animals for June.*

MORE ABOUT WILLS

That many people wish to make sure of the future welfare of the pets upon whom they lavish their love and affection is without doubt the chief reason for what are, apparently, bequests of a most foolish nature. However, a little investigation apprizes us of the fact that, after all, the cat or dog may be more deserving of lifelong ease than their human brothers and sisters.

Wills often fail to maintain their legality on the signature alone, for there is always a question whether a mark, even though witnessed, is as binding as a signature written out after the customary fashion. But there have been times when, not a signature, but a qualifying phrase has been taken as legal. For instance, we are told:

Not many people are so careless as was a Mr. Brennan, of Carbondale, Pa., who left real estate to the value of $15,000 and signed the will, "Your miserable father," thus creating a bone of contention as to just what constitutes a legal signature to a will.

When Mme. Desmarets, of Marseilles, France, died, on August 8, her will was found to read in this fashion: "If I die before the end of hostilities, I ask that my body be laid provisionally in the family vault and that it shall eventually be interred in the field where the final decisive victory is gained. I leave the whole of my fortune to the town which bears the name of this victory."

When Yves Bosch died, in Spain, of a broken heart, in spite of the fact that he had been expelled from his native Biarritz, France, for having expressed sentiments having a Germanic flavor, he willed his entire fortune, some 30,000,000 francs ($6,000,000), to the city of Paris.

The last will of Joseph Hillstrom was written in verse, after this fashion:

My will is easy to decide,
For there is nothing to divide.
My kin don't need to fuss and moan—
"Moss does not cling to a rolling stone."
My body? Oh, if I could choose.
I would to ashes it reduce,
And let the merry breezes blow
My dust to where some flowers grow.
Perhaps some fading flower then
Would come to life and bloom again.
This is my last and final will:
Good luck to all of you—Joe Hill.

By the terms of the will of Frederick D. Parker, who died in Los Angeles, Orrel A. Parker, a brother and a lawyer living in New York, is put up against it. The brother leaves him $30 a month for each child that is born to him.

And what is probably one of the shortest wills on record is that left by Eliza Kunz, of Philadelphia. On a small, crumpled, unevenly torn piece of paper she wrote: "All belongs to baby, Eliza Kunz."

How hard it is for one to conceive of a man with millions leaving no will; yet Frederick H. Rindge, of Los Angeles, did that very thing. What did he leave? Oh, a mere bagatelle—a paltry $22,000,000.

As a fitting climax to this story, it might be well to mention a will that stands in a class by itself. Adolph Metzer, a retired soap-manufacturer, of Evansville, Ind., has made a will which is not to be opened until the year 2163—that is, 247 years from now.

It is placed in air-tight metal tubes to withstand the ravages of time, and homeless dogs and cats are the beneficiaries-to-be. Mr. Metzer has invested $11,000, which at the end of the specified time is expected to amount to a grand total of $201,559,641. Apparently, waiting as a virtue will have its own reward.—*The Literary Digest.*

FROM "TRACINGS"

"Not having trials of my own," said an inexperienced man, "I give them to others."

"It is better to lose success," said a dispirited man, "than one's desire for it."

"It is better to die of starvation in a desert," said a poor man, "than be hungry where others waste food."

Pleasure exists for some people only when dead in the past, or unborn in the future.

"You will never reach success," said a self-made man to his son. "I have placed you too near it."

"My footprints," said Ostentation, "are larger than my feet."

"To subdue nature," said Civilization, "is to give her power."

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